

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning-Evening-Sunday
J. M. STEPHENSON, Publisher.

Member:
Associated Press—United Press—International
News Service—American Newspaper Publishers
Association—Audit Bureau of Circulation—
Newspaper Enterprise Association.

MORNING EDITION
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EVENING EDITION
United Press—International News Service
Phone: Main 2100—2101—2102. (Branch Exchange.)

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Carrier Service:
Morning and Sunday, per week 20 Cents
Evening and Sunday, per week 20 Cents
Either with Sunday, one year \$10.00
By Mail:
Morning and Sunday, on rural routes, one year . . . \$5.00
All others by mail \$7.50
Entered at South Bend Post Office as Second Class Mail.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1922

THE GREATEST CRIME.

If any red from Russia or amateur anarchist from Boston was caught burning a wheat stack, dynamiting a pile of potatoes or spraying trees with a chemical which would destroy fruit, this nation would promptly and properly apply the most drastic punishments.

Today millions of dollars of fruit are going to waste because the cost of hauling to market is greater than the price which is within the reach of the consumers.

In every large city of this country there are hundreds of children to whom the fruit would be a life saver. They will not taste much fruit this year. Some of them will not have any personal contact with peaches, grapes, apples or melons.

Commission houses in Chicago admit sending back checks for a dollar for a carload of fruit. The entire value is wiped out in transportation and the grower is driven by necessity to either take a loss or permit his crops to rot upon the fields and in the orchards.

The situation is an indictment of the business ability of the nation as a whole. The spectacle of crops destroyed in one section while other sections of the country need and demand them as food is its own commentary on our present system of distribution.

The great crime is the waste, a loss not only to the growers of the nation but to the health and comfort of the consumers.

There are limits of prices which the consumer can pay. Those limits are fixed by wages, by the value of other products, by incomes. When the border is passed, there can be no demand and something is radically wrong when the consuming public is unable to pay a price that will make it possible for the growers of food to feed that public.

That is the reason a farm bloc exists in Congress. It was brought together to remedy just such a condition. It represents those who raise the food of the nation and the members know that under the present tendency of things the farmers of the nation will soon be bankrupt while the industrial workers are underfed.

Senator Capper of Kansas, leader of farmers, told the Senate the other day that bran of a certain kind, which costs \$23 a ton to produce finally cost the consumer \$600.

Scarcely between the farm and the home the border line of value is passed. The farmers bloc may be wrong in principle but as long as fruit rots on trees while city dwellers need it to tone up their blood, special groups that are directly interested will be formed.

YOUR VALUABLES.

Are you thinking of buying the Russian crown jewels, including the famous Orloff diamond? They are offered for sale by the Bolsheviks.

The price? A trifling \$500,000,000.
The whole caboodle of them, piled out of their golden crowns and scepters, could be carried in your suitcase.

As far as being useful, the Russian crown jewels are about as valuable as a peck of broken glass.

Their value is entirely imaginary—no more, no less than the imagination of man makes it.

Queer thing is value. Ford Motor Company's latest statement shows that its assets exceed \$400,000,000.

Of this, \$31,026,433 is invested in real estate, the only imperishable form of material wealth.

Patents are listed at a value of only \$110,740.
The company's good will is entered as worth nearly \$21,000,000. This good-will is intangible. No eye can see it. No scales can weigh it.

Equally intangible is the Ford Motor Company's greatest value—the brain of Henry Ford. Or, to be absolutely accurate, his intellect.

Accumulation of values seems to be a national mania. There are fixed values such as gold, whose price is set by law. There are sentimental values— heirlooms, remembrances, etc.

Value is the most elusive thing on earth. It is the magician of economics.

You think you have obtained a small value. Suddenly it swells to enormous size. This is increasing value. Henry Ford fell into its embrace and from a poor bicycle repairman became one of the three richest Americans.

In the far corner are declining values—ones that are deceptive, look substantial and permanent at first, then shrink. Ask Wall street plungers who have been caught in bear markets.

Value skips about like a flea. Big fortune comes to the man who can guess where it will jump next. Typical of this is real estate.

Values are the poker chips of uncertainty.

And of all values, the only ones that have permanence approaching the perpetual are knowledge, fame and good deeds. These are the real wealth. No man is really poor who has created any of the three.

IN FORTY YEARS.

Next Monday a celebration will be held in New York to commemorate the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of an electric light system.

Fred A. Bryan, president of the local company, is authority for the statement that the metropolis is one year behind South Bend which had such a system in 1881, the system being composed of six big arc lights which in that day was the wonder of the community and a matter of pride.

More than half of the population of this city was alive before the modern light was in existence. About one half have accepted it as a thing which has always been and can hardly realize a day when people were compelled to undergo discomforts by the old flickering gas lights, the kerosene lamps and the candles that preceded it.

When these lights were first installed, reform societies strongly condemned them. They honestly believed that the electric light was an invention of the devil, and that it was really a sacrifice to

change the natural conditions of night and day and prophesied that the world would soon come to a bad end because of its departure from the centuries old customs and habits.

The electric light has assisted greatly to change every habit of life and the thought of the world. And it is a better world.

It has multiplied the opportunities for development, for pleasure, for recreation, for real service.

The nation admires the thought of Abraham Lincoln sturdily digging out his education by a flickering pine knot. The virtue was not in the blazing wood fire. It was in the steadfast ambition and courage which could not be overcome by obstacles.

What might Lincoln not have accomplished had he been able to turn his entire thought to his studies instead of being handicapped by the primitive lights?

Today the world looks upon many if not all of its conditions as fixed for all time and does not stop to think of what will happen with the coming of new forces and new conveniences.

It is accustomed to receiving its heat from stoves or furnaces. Some day the drudgery of coal mining will be obviated by inventions which will store the heat of summer suns for winter comfort.

The transportation of foods now occupies the attention and the effort of hundreds of thousands of men. Chemistry will solve the problem of condensing steam into small packages and there will be no waste. The methods of today will seem as crude twenty years hence as do the packing of heavy loads on the heads of Indian women to the western tribes.

The era of electricity is in its infancy. Enough power goes to waste each day in the St. Joseph river to run every machine in operation in this city and light every house at midnight as brilliantly as day.

Some day that power will be chained and harnessed to the use of men, releasing human energy.

Forty years is a very brief time. It has sufficed to change all living conditions. The next fifty can be depended upon to change them even more greatly than have the four decades just passed.

FLYING SAILBOATS.

Flying bicycles—motorless airplanes propelled by pedal—may be the next sensation in aviation. This is predicted by Glenn Curtiss, who, with the Wright brothers, pioneered the airplane.

Curtiss says that the whole science of flying may be revolutionized by the recent gliding contests in Berlin. A glider is a flying machine without a motor. Most of the German gliders are monoplanes. In the Berlin contest one glider remained in the air more than three hours.

Curtiss attaches great importance to the Berlin gliding successes because the real goal of aviators is to be able to fly like birds. The pilot of a glider is the closest approach yet to a "bird-man."

Everyone is asking: "What keeps the darned things aloft and what prevents their falling?"

In a general way, a glider is a lot like a box-kite. The gliding machine, in leaving the ground and soaring into the air, takes off from a high place. A hillside is best, for air currents rising from the ground roll up a hillside like ocean waves up a cliff. Not as powerfully, but sufficiently to lift the machine.

The glider travels ahead on air currents. It is like a sailboat on water.

At first thought, it would seem that a gliding machine would have to flap its wings. Not so. It is like a gull, which glides in the air for hours with its wings practically motionless.

The German glider pilots are really air-sailors, adjusting the wings of their machines like changing the sails of a ship.

The big difficulty in air-gliding is that air currents change and as yet there is no way a flier can detect an air current until he is in it. Before man can fly like the bird he must develop an artificial substitute for the "air sense" that is part of the natural equipment of a bird.

Flying without a motor, however, will always depend more on the skill of the pilot than on the machine itself.

For practical purposes, the gliding principle may be best used in combination with motor airplanes, conserving power at intervals by shutting down the motor and letting the air currents do the work.

CURBING MURDER.

Two murders in this city within a week suggest that steps which prevent killings are preferable to the wasted times and effort in hunting the killers.

The state of New York makes the carrying of a revolver, except when authorized by the police, a felony.

It is quite certain that men who do not have a gun handy when their anger is aroused and their minds twisted by home made whisky will find it more difficult to kill than if they did not possess such a weapon.

Mail order houses make the purchase of a revolver the easiest transaction for those who desire to arm themselves.

In this city the police are without any knowledge of purchasers of revolvers.

The man who buys such a weapon evidently expects to use it. He may have a very legitimate use for it. If he has, he will not be at all averse to having the authorities know that he owns and carries a gun.

If he expects to use that revolver for some unlawful purpose, he will object very strenuously to such knowledge.

An ordinance requiring all sales of guns or ammunition to be reported to the police might assist that department in curbing not only murderous tendencies, but in checking many of the hold ups and robberies that now form something of a problem.

Hunt the bright side. Suppose cantaloupes had seeds in the meat like watermelons?

The movie star of "Why Change Your Husband?" has changed hers.

Telephone girls object to being called helio girls. We might call them goodby girls.

Here is a fortune. Get up something to take rouge off coats.

Other Editors Than Our.

FISH (Denver Express)

A rum hound who is in Battle Creek, Mich., to coax his liver out of sound sleep, notices this: Local fishermen, early in the morning, pack up and go miles away to fish in lakes and the Kalamazoo river.

The rum hound, crossing a bridge over Battle Creek, happened to look down. He saw the water alive with big bass.

Most of us are so firmly convinced that the best things of life are far off, that we overlook prizes under our very noses.

The Tower of Babel

Bill Armstrong

MILITARY NOTES.

Goldie Mann was seen to purchase a copy of this week's War Cry yesterday p. m.

A BIT OF VERSE.

There was a thin maiden called Greener
Who worked with a vacuum cleaner;
But she got in the way
Of the suction one day,
Since which date nobody has seen her.

—CHARLEY BAILEY.

Attorney General Daugherty has filed an injunction against striking railroad men, prohibiting them from doing a number of things. This gives us an idea. We shall request an injunction as follows against certain persons, who persist in obstructing the customary functions of column conducting, viz:—

(a) No person, individual or corporation shall be allowed to "ha, ha" at a column conductor, drunk or sober. (Note:—Of course the latter reference concerns only the person who does the ha, haing.)

(b) It shall be unlawful for anyone to criticize a column or any one of its features of daily morning, evening and Sunday newspaper.

(c) On application from a column conductor, banks shall loan them money without question; the amount to be stipulated by the plaintiff in this section.

(d) Throwing stones shall not be tolerated for one minute. Bricks will be permitted, providing they have been properly padded previously.

(e) It shall be illegal under the magna carta for a column man to agree with anybody else on anything.

(f) This act shall be construed to absolve all newspaper employees from paying taxes of any description whatsoever.

(g) The homes of column conductors are hereby placed on the priority list for hard coal this winter.

(h) The supreme court of the United States shall convene hastily at any time, day or night, when the plaintiff so wishes to amend this injunction. Further the deponent saith not.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Jake Heckaman, thinking Fred Bryan would be out of a job when he sold Indiana & Michigan Electric company, hastily made arrangements to find employment for him as soon as he drifted back to town. Mr. Heckaman had the following propositions to offer Mr. Bryan on his return:—

- (1) The foremanship of his barber shop.
 - (2) Cashier of his barber shop.
 - (3) Chauffeur for a certain local gent, who drives a Cadillac (4).
 - (4) Name furnished on request.
- But now that Fred Bryan is back in town, it is presumed that he will continue to try to eke out an existence as the president and general manager of the I. & M.

WE HEREBY PROMISE NEVER TO MENTION HOCK AGAIN EXCEPT WHEN WE MEET OUR OVERCOAT BACK THIS FALL.

South Bend, Ind., Aug. 30, '22.

TOWER OF BABEL.

Dear Mr. TOWERMAN:—

We like your column very much. For good clean slams at well known ginks around town, we think it's the "berrie."

But if you are going to let that crazy letter from Heckolovitch worry you, and keep mentioning it from time to time, you are going to queer the column.

Please ignore him. You should not have put it in in the first place. He is only a low down sneak any way by being yellow in not making his name known. Three Woking Gols at Wilson

MARAGRET JOHNSON.

HELEN HUNT.

KATIE NESPO.

One of our lynx eyed correspondents just rode up in a Ford bug to inform us that they saw Sergeant Ben Roberts of the police department the following light supper the other night at Mike's, because, we presume he was not hungry:—

- (1) T-Bone steak.
- (2) Orders Ham & Eggs.
- (3) Orders of potatoes.
- (4) Slices of bread.
- (5) Cups of coffee.

YOUR HEALTH — By Dr. R. S. Copeland

There is an old saying that "appetite is the best sauce." When you look forward with pleasure to your meals and digest them without discomfort, you may be confident you are in pretty good condition.

On the contrary, loss of appetite, unless it appears only occasionally and lasts but a little while, is an evidence of disease.

Doctors give this symptom a special name, "anorexia." This is only a Greek word, meaning "absence of appetite."

There are many causes for anorexia, but it may be put down as a fact that habitual absence of appetite is a sign of poor health. Some of the underlying conditions are trifling, but on the other hand, many of them are extremely serious.

The most common conditions with this symptom have to do with the stomach. Simple gastritis, that is, simple inflammation of the stomach, may have an occasional day when the appetite flags, but there may be many days when there is a normal demand for food.

But if the inflammation becomes chronic there may be constant loss of appetite. This is invariably the case in certain forms of cancer of the stomach. In that rare disease

called "cirrhosis of the stomach," where there are hardening and thickening of the walls of the stomach, loss of appetite is a symptom.

Many young girls have anaemia and absence of appetite is one of the signs. In tuberculosis at all ages it is noted.

In Bright's disease and in all forms of kidney inflammation it is met very frequently.

Excessive indulgence in tobacco, alcohol, opium and its derivatives and other drug addictions cause loss of desire for food.

There are various nervous conditions, like hysteria, nervous prostration and emotional insanity, where anorexia is present.

In the treatment of this condition attention must be given the cause. It is not enough to prescribe a tonic. Of course, there are many useful appetizers, particularly the "bitter tonics," but before they are taken the general health should be considered. They are important, but the anorexia is merely a symptom; it would be unscientific to regard the fundamental cause.

Where loss of appetite follows a nervous disturbance, rest in bed, fresh air and quiet may help to repair the broken nerves and restore the appetite.

Just Folks By Edgar A. Guest

THE BOSS

The other day while in a store
A man in anger paced the floor.
"Hey you!" he shouted in his rage
"Get busy there and earn your wage!"

He snarled at people left and right,
Scorned every term that is polite
And made the men and women cower
And all because he had the power.

"Who is this mad man running wild?"
I asked. "The Boss," she said and smiled.

I stood awhile and watched him then
In action with his fellow-men.
He strode the aisles, too big to see
The little girl attending me;

Too big to nod his head and say
"Good morning," in a kindly way
But loudly snapping orders out.
As though authority must shout.

Thinking of a snarling speech and brief
I stood awhile and watched him then
In action with his fellow-men.
He strode the aisles, too big to see

The little girl attending me;
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More Truth Than Poetry By James J. Montague

TO A KINGFISHER
You sit beside a singing stream
Throughout the summer day,
And close your little eyes and dream
The happy hours away.

And when a pain on your inside
Declares it's time to sup,
You swoop athwart the rippling tide
And scoop a troutlet up.

At best, but once a month or two
Can I lay by my pen
And follow gleaming waters through
A shade-embowered fen.

A rare delight it is to me
Beside the brook to roam,
And pause beneath the willow tree
That you have made your home.

No tomato comes to seek you out,
And make unsure your rest,
No egg-collecting schoolboys shout
When they have found your nest.

Afar from trouble, free from strife,
What more could creature wish—
Than, through a calm, contented life,
To loaf and sleep and fish?

I watch you swirling through the spray,
A flash of white, and blue;
I watch you catch your wriggling prey.

And how I envy you!
Would your delightful lot were mine,
Among the trees to lurk,
And all the summer long combine
My pleasure and my work!

LITTLE COMPETITION.
The ex-Kaiser probably assured that nobody has written a joke book since Joe Miller's time, so there ought to be a market for his.

FAME IS FLEETING.
Those twin stars discovered by a Canadian astronomer will attract attention till some star gazer in Winsted, Connecticut, discovers triplets.

WOULD THAT HE WOULD.
Mr. Bryan has cut his hair, which is more than he will do with any of his speeches.

(Copyright, 1922.)

SPECIAL PRICES FOR SATURDAY
At New Market corner Bronson and Main sts. Potatoes, Idaho Bakers, about 110-lb. bags, per bag, \$2.40; Jersey Giants, about 150-lb. bags, per bag, \$2.50. Green Corn, per dozen, 18c; Michigan Peaches, 75c to \$1.50; Apples per bushel, 50c to \$1.50; Grapes, small baskets, 17c; Celery per bunch, eight stalks, 5c; Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Pickling Onions, Peppers, etc., at lowest possible prices.

Frank Berry, Mgr.—Adv-245.

ELEVEN HURT IN BIG FOUR WRECK

Passenger Train Hits Open Switch and Rams Freight on Siding.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 1.—Eleven persons were injured when a Big Four passenger train ran through an open switch and plowed into the rear end of a freight train on a siding near Brownsburg early today.

Members of the freight crew declared emphatically they had closed the switch and that it had been opened, probably by vandals, after their train had pulled onto the side track to give the passenger the right-of-way.

All cars in the passenger train except the Pullmans were derailed. Railroad officials discounted a sabotage theory when it was discovered the lock of the switch had not been broken. They said indications were the passenger train had "split" the switch and that the wreck was an accident.

Try NEWS-TIMES Want Ads

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For reliable dentistry consult Dr. Carson & Oren, 125 W. Washington av. Phone Main 649—adv 2881

Many hay fever sufferers are getting good results with Dr. Harris Blood Alternative, 319 West Jefferson bly.—Adv-245.

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STOP AT THE LINCOLN HIGHWAY INN
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GEORGE WYMAN & CO.

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Store Hours: 8:30 to 5:30; Saturdays till 9:00



Madge Evans Hats for Little Ladies

Madge Evans Hats are made for little ladies and there is just as much care taken with them as with hats for grown-ups. Most of the hats were designed for Madge Evans, the little thirteen-year-old movie star. They are as smart as they are practical and are as stylish for little ladies as our other hats are becoming to their mothers. The materials are velvets, duvetynes, beaver, felts and velours and are trimmed with ribbon, braid and beads. Most of them have the flare-up brims.

Children's Hats \$2.00 to \$9.50

\$1.00 — MICHIGAN CITY — \$1.00
and Return

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD
SOUTH SHORE LINE

Good on All Trains
For further information call C., L. S. & S. B. ticket agent

HOME OF
Hart
Schaffner
&
Marx
STYLISH
ALL-WOOL
CLOTHES
Sam'l
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Painless Dentistry!